The Undergraduate.

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MIGNON.

[A short time after Wilhelm Meister has asssumed the protectorship of Mignon, he overheard her singing this song. It was thus he discovered that she must be from sunny Italy, and also that she must have been of noble birth.]

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Know'st thou the land, where citron blossoms bloom?
Where gleams the golden orange in the gloom?
From Heaven's bright blue the winds sweep softly down,
The myrtle sleeps. The laurel lifts its crown.
Knows't thou it well? Away! Away,
Would I with thee, Oh! my beloved, stray.

Knows't thou the house, its roof on pillars tall?
The shining chambers and the glistening hall?
The marble statues stand and gaze at me,
"Poor child:" they say, "what has been done to thee?"
Knows't thou it well? Away! Away,
Would I, with thee, Oh! my protector, stray.

Knows't thou the mountain and its misty shroud?
The beast of burden wends his way through cloud.
Among it's crags the ancient dragons scream
And o'er the rock sweeps down the rushing stream.
Knows't thou them well? Away! Away,
Our pathway leads. Oh! father, let us stray.

J. C. H.

WARREN HASTINGS.

It is impossible for us to judge fairly of the characters of former ages. We cannot judge of them without letting the manner in which they affect us and the additions which they have made to civilization, be the standard by which we measure them. A man may have been an oppressor of the weak, a sensual, hard hearted tyrant, a villain disgusting and repulsive, but yet, during some period of his life, moved perhaps by the hopes of personal advancement, or, it may be, for the time by some philanthropic feeling for the beings he had oppressed,; even such a man may have used his power in a way that has resulted for the good of humanity. Years pass along and those who suffered from his tyrany have become silent. Those who paid for his lust and revelry no more appear against him. Those who were crushed that he might rise have never told their wrongs; but the one good deed, the one philanthropic impulse of his whole life, at the time surrounded by all that was repulsive and revolting, now rises before us in all its apparent usefulness, and we accept it as an index of the character of its author. This is often the case; one good deed performed under the impulse of a moment may speak to posterity more forcibly than a lifetime of tyranny and crime. James I. was one of the weakest kings that ever sat upon the throne of England. He held his word of no more worth than the breath with which it was uttered. Macaulay says of him: "He was before the world a slobbering, stammering king, talking in the style of a buffoon and a pedagogue." But the whole Christian world study the Bible of King James to-day and teach their children to honor the country which produced such a great and good ruler. The sensuality and vice of Lord Byron are deeply hidden by the richness and harmony of his Childe Harold; and the Instauratio of Bacon hides from the world his ambitious, scheming, treacherous heart.

The reverse may also be true, and the good deeds of a lifetime may be eternally eclipsed by a single crime. Arnold was no less a brave soldier, a cool, calculating commander and a man of superior ability because he once betrayed his trust. Yet children know him only as *the traitor*. For this reason, then, when we seek for the true character of any who have lived before us, we should look at them as they at the time lived, shutting our eyes and ears to all that has resulted from their lives. We should endeavor to stand where they stood, see the world as they

saw it, know as little of the future as they knew, and feel, as far as possible, the impulses that moved them.

The life of Warren Hastings has been variously judged. Some have set him down as a scheming, ambitious, hard hearted politician, seeking only for wealth and power. Others have eulogized him as a far-sighted, faithful, judicious and upright statesman, who worked only for the good of his countrymen. These differences arise from prejudice formed from later years. Men have attempted to study him from a standpoint taken at a distance; and while they have looked at his life as he lived it, numerous attending or resulting circumstances have crept in without their knowledge and warped their judgment. The first class mentioned have looked only at his ambitions and the manifestations of deep and apparently uncontrollable passions, which often directed him in his administrations of government. The other class have seen none of these stains upon him as a man and statesman, or, if they have seen them, these "apparent irregularities," as they call them, have all been explained as being censurable only in appearance, while in fact they all testify to the foresight and true greatness of the man. They have thus overlooked his faults and magnified his virtues until they have made themselves incapable of passing a fair judgment. If men would inquire into the facts of Hastings' public life with the intention and purpose of getting at the foundation of the facts, without taking into consideration his private life or the permanent value of his services to England, then could they arrive at his true character.

With these facts in mind let us take a brief view of Hastings' public life and thus examine its true character for ourselves. To do this justly, we should know something of his early training and advantages. Hastings' early life was filled with misfortune. An orphan from childhood, dependent upon his relatives, without means and proper assistance, his education was limited. He saw the old family estate pass into strange hands for debt, and it was here that that deep ambition was awakened in his breast which so urged him on in future years. He resolved in his mere youth to sometime purchase back the old estate of his ancestors and restore it to its former beauty, and this ambition for wealth has left a dark blot upon his character.

At the age of seventeen he was called from his studies and sent to Calcutta, where, as a common clerk he spent three years of his life. From the position of accountant in a dingy office, this young man, without an education, without influential friends to aid him, without fraud or intrigue, but through virtue of his own powerful intellect spurred to its utmost by a goading ambition, gained a position in India which was second to none but that of George the III. himself in England, and in many things his power was superior to that of the king. It was after he became Governor General of India that he began to exhibit a hardness of heart and thirst for gain that had not revealed itself before. It is true, he was constantly called upon by England for money, and this together with his personal ambition for riches made him direct some of his best efforts to the accumulation of wealth. He broke treaties, betrayed confidence and trust, slaughtered the innocent, bribed authorities and murdered his enemies. But in spite of all this, during the thirteen years that he stood at the head of the Indian government, it continually progressed in wealth and prosperity, and when he was about to return to England in 1785 all India was at his feet begging him to remain.

During his reign in India he did what, in all probability, no other English statesman could have accomplished. He organized a government out of barbarism and anarchy and transferred all control to the hands of England. He succeeded in accomplishing great results as a statesman; he failed in his fidelity to his subjects as a ruler.

We are all familiar with the disgraceful proceeding which was in progress for nearly ten years in England and which was called "the

impeachment of Hastings." We all know how England delighted to do him honor in 1813 when the House of Commons rose and uncovered at his entrance. In 1819 he died possessed of the old family estate and honored by all England.

He was a man whose good deeds rendered him immortal among English statesmen, and whose faults and errors died in the world with the death of those he had oppressed and persecuted. His hard-heartedness died with its victims, his powerful statesmanship lives with the government he organized and for which he lived. His accusers soon closed their accusations, but India, the everlasting monument of his superior ability and intelligence, stands to-day and declares his fame. Hastings, the hard-hearted,oppressing, avaricious ruler is dead; but Hastings, the far-seeing, organizing, self-made statesman lives with an immortal fame.

EDGAR A. POE.

It is almost unprecedented in the annals of literature, that an author should win reputation from the malicious attacks of a personal friend. Rarely do we find the death of an author made the occasion for such a storm of calumny and abuse as Dr. Rufus Griswold hurled at the life and character of Edgar A. Poe.

Had Dr. Griswold been Poe's bitterest enemy, he would have been inexcusable ; but pretending to be Poe's friend, named by Poe in his will to write his Memoirs, furnished with all that could aid him in his purpose, not only did he delay the execution of the request, but he characterized his work with such an exhibition of hatred and prejudice, that it is a wonder the entire press of the United States did not rise up, and with one voice demand that justice—simple justice—be done the memory of Poe.

Dr. Griswold would paint Poe, not as a weak and sinning mortal, no better and no worse than thousands of others, but a monster in human form. I do not claim that Poe was perfect. By no means. But I do affirm that his good qualities should at least have equal mention with his bad ones. For it is not by concealing faults or by magnifying virtues, that we can judge of a man's character, but by fairly stating both good and bad.

Because Griswold was known as the friend of Poe, and had achieved reputation in literary circles, his Memoir of Poe stood for years unanswered. Within the last year, however, three authors have appeared in the field of letters, who have dared break a lance in defence of Poe. One of them is an Englishman, the others our own well known poets Stoddard and Stedman.

That Poe had faults, there is no doubt: but had he no excuse for these? Reared in affluence, the petted child of a southern home, servants to do his every bidding, the acknowledged heir of a vast estate, by one turn of fickle Fortune's wheel he was driven from his paradise, all unprepared as he was, to fight the bitter battle of poverty. To crown his misfortunes, his wife, whom he devotedly loved, sickened and died. Can we wonder that with his fiery nature he committed acts that, judged by themselves, should be condemned, but under the circumstances should rather be condoned.

At the last Poe reformed, and having stood the test for over a year, was on his way to New York to be married, when the final catastrophe of his life occurred. By accident he was detained in Baltimore over night, where his evil habits again overpowered him. In the morning he was found partially clad, wandering about the streets, and almost insane from exposure. He was carried to the common hospital, where, after lingering a few days, he died at the early age of thirty-eight years.

In estimating Poe's character we must remember that he had the hot,passionate,southern blood, chafing at all restraint, and that he lacked in a lamentable degree the power of self-control. Poe may be said to have had two natures, a good and evil genius struggling for the mastery, now one,

and now the other gaining the ascendency. But alas! just as the hopes of his friends began to assume the coloring of truth, and his chances for leading a noble life seemed brightest, in one weak moment he wavered, and was lost.

Had Poe possessed the wealth of Byron, to free his muse from the grip of necessity, his genius might have stood undimmed by the side of England's wondrous bard. But uniting as he did, the subtle imaginations of the poet, with the poet's dislike for the routine of daily life, yet condemned by his poverty to use his talents to obtain a livelihood, haunted by the goading thoughts of what might have been, is it any wonder that he sought to drown these phantoms in drink?

As the years roll on, and time softens the harsher outlines of his character, a true and impartial biography of Poe will be given to the people; and as his wild genius, and lofty imagery is better understood and appreciated, one niche, high in the Temple of Fame, beside the immortal Hawthorne, will be reserved for the talented, the erring, and too unfortunate Edgar Allen Poe.

A LITERARY KETTLEDRUM.

There is a lady living in a little four-roomed cottage in the environs of Boston, says a writer of Lippincott's, whose name is well known to literary people. She depends wholly upon her own exertions for the support of herself and children, and does all her own housework, yet her cottage is the focus of the best society of the locality. A gentleman calling there recently was received at the door by a daughter of the lady, who told him her mother was too busy to be called, but that he could see her in the kitchen if he pleased; and he followed her to that room. The lady greeted him without the least embarrassment, though she had on a big apron and her sleeves were pinned back to her shoulders. She was cutting a pumpkin into strips for pies; and there sat a venerable gentleman gravely paring the strips to the accompaniment of brilliant conversation. I was asked to guess who this gentleman was, and, after several fruitless attempts, was told that it was the poet Longfellow. While the pumpkin-paring was in process, another distinguished poet called, and he also insisted upon being impressed into the service. It was a dreary day outside, and no one cared to leave the pleasant cottage, so they all stayed to lunch, one of the pies forming the *piece de resistance* of the occasion. Speaking of this incident afterward, the lady said, "My friends are kind enough to come to see me, though they know I cannot leave my work to entertain them. Visiting and work must proceed together, and when I set my callers at work with me we are sure to have an agreeable time."

DAY DREAMS.

The many cares that prey
Upon our hearts, by day,
Bid us farewell, when evening shadows fall,
And in the hush of night,
On tip-toe, soft and light,
A sweet dream answers drowsy nature's call.

But those who dream by night,
And never stay the flight
Of dreams that flit like phantoms through the day,
Know not the waking thrill
Of him who walks at will,
In daylight through a mist of visions grey.

For shapes fantastic, strange,
Through night-time visions range,
While day dreams are but life in its ideal.
We feel, when they have flown,
A presence vague, unknown
And lift life's burden, strong for woe or weal.

J. C. H.

To have in general but little feeling seems to be the only security against feeling too much on any particular occasion.—*George Eliot.*

God makes us brave to meet each loss
Without a sigh;
To do our work and bear our cross,
Nor question why.

He knows the secret of our ways,
And what is best;
The long, dark sorrows pulse with praise,
And lead to rest.

The Undergraduate.

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EDITORIAL.

WE find it necessary once more to urge the students in the matter of preparing copy for the "Kaleidoscope." It will be published as early this term as possible, and its issue will depend upon the activity of the various classes. We have obtained advertisements which will more than half pay for the edition, and are therefore able to offer a larger book for less money than previous classes. We hope to be substantially supported by the students in this matter.

FIFTY dollars would be a small figure at which to place the cost of the literature (Heaven forgive us for the sarcasm) which was circulated in the audience at Junior Exhibition. Was the expenditure worth the while? Ours is an unusually poor college so far as wealthy students are concerned. We haven't a man who lights his Havana with a five dollar bill for amusement, and yet fifty dollars, which would have done wonders in the gymnasium has been used to light lamps and kindle fires since April 5th. As Sophomores, we sacrificed labor of mind and body, sleep and capital for the self same purpose of "getting the grind" on jolly, good friends, but from cur Senior year pedestal we call it folly and point with our judicial finger to better places for the investment of hard earned pennies.

Next year let the Sophomore class subscribe its fund for the ram and ask the other classes to raise an equal amount. This sum, put to some good use, and let this silly custom of blackguarding a man you like, personally, go to the dogs from whence it sprung. It has no longer become a thing, dreaded by the Juniors, and longed for by the town and has had its day. Just here let us say we had hoped from the three rams of '80, '81 and '82 that the mention of persons in town had been abandoned. We were sorry to see this revived in the card to the public. Whatever attitude we may assume toward each other on the Campus let us be gentlemen in our relations with the townspeople.

ONE of our exchanges once called a professor "an interrogation machine with a patent recorder attached." Middlebury College may thank its lucky star for complete freedom from this mechanical contrivance. So long as marking systems are in vogue so long will professors be compelled to use the suction pump, but thank Heaven they do not ply them through the entire recitation hour here. The professor who brings

his own personality into the recitation, illustrates the points in hand from his own experience, in fact, the one who teaches without the book is the one who is equipping his men for contact with the world and making a good fighter of every man. One solid statement forced home by the spirit and vim of a live man is worth a dozen which we skim from the printed page. Realizing this we would ask for more lectures. It is not necessary that the lecture should be logically arranged and headed to be of interest. An informal talk by a man of experience on some live question is far more valuable to us than to listen while our classmates recite that which we also have learued. More lectures then, we ask for and we will be veritable sponges, sinking back in our seats and doing wonders in the way of absorption.

A TEST of the capacity and inclination of American college students and graduates for Practical Journalism is about to be made by "*The American*" of Philadelphia. That paper offers $1500 in prizes for the best editorials; the best special essays and the best poems, written by college students and undergraduates. There are two sets of prizes—twenty-one in all—offered by The American. One set is for college students only; the second set is for those who have been graduated from American colleges. The topics are not limited; and all articles unsuccessful in the competition, but which reach the standard adopted by The American, will be accepted for publication in that paper and paid for at the usual rates. The judges of the editorials and essays will be active journalists of national reputation. Mr. Noah Brooks of the New York Times, Mr. Walter Allen of the Boston Advertiser, and Mr. P. Handy of the Philadelphia Press. The judges of the poems will be hereafter announced.

Those of our students who are desirous of entering the lists and striving for honors, should write (enclosing stamp) to W. R. Balch, Managing Editor of The American, Philadelphia, Pa.

The American, by this method, will supply itself with some interesting reading matter, for a student's literary efforts, after reaching Junior and Senior year, are very apt to partake of a youthful sparkle and vivacity that he never shows when the kicks and cuffs of a busy life have taken the conceit out of him. A student who throws his whole soul into a literary effort and fills it with the vim and enthusiasm of a buoyant nature and then tones it down with his freshly learned rhetorical principles is very apt to make a hit. The American seems to realize this and has taken a wise step.

We hope that Middlebury College may strive in this contest, and there is no reason why we may not sweep down at the finish with flying colors, for there are brains of first quality here if they would but assert themselves. The MSS. to be pronounced upon should be signed by an assumed name, and the judges should not be allowed to know the college or student whose contribution he is reading. Thus each article would stand or fall upon its own merits. We wish Mr. Balch the utmost success in his novel undertaking.

CUSTOM makes the most inflexible laws. It has been the custom for the Senior class to furnish a first class concert on Commencement evening. In their effort to do this they have not been supported by the townspeople and the affair has usually been a losing one.

Hank White, with his minstrel troupe, fills Academy Hall to overflowing, but a superb list of musical talent from abroad is generally a financial failure. The question arises in the minds of the present Senior class "Is it our duty to take upon ourselves the labor of advertising, the worry of preparation, the chance of losing money, simply because it has been the custom and find ourselves on the day after Commencement with an empty pocket book? Is it our duty to invest two or three hundred dollars extra that a select few may hear some soprano reach a note on the

scale two or three tones higher than that attained by the songsters of less reputation.

There are those who will attend the exercises because it is *the* thing at that time of the year, and others who will attend from force of habit. We know, from the experience of previous classes, just about how much money we may expect to take in, and would it not be wise to procure talent which will not take every cent of it and more? A sweet singer may please, even though she be not Kellogg or Carey, and to put a noted name on the program for the payment of which we have so little support from the town, is a piece of extravagance for which we can find no justification.

At the rhetorical exercises during the past year we have been sorry to see the ease with which applause from the students has been obtained. What has occasioned this change we do not know, for five years ago, to see an under classman obtaining applause was a rare occurrence. The most vigorous applause we have heard this year has been over some who stuttered and stammered and broke down most signally.

Whether it is right or wrong, there is nothing that will incite a man to greater effort than the hope of obtaining the approbation of his associates. A rhetorical effort, well studied, well delivered and well applauded is a stepping stone to a higher plane of thought and action; a help and encouragement, the like of which is found nowhere else in the college course. But to make it common property upon which all can draw, even him who repeats a nursery rhyme, is to take away all its value. Applaud a praiseworthy effort be it from Freshman or Senior, but withhold it when you feel that something better is due from the speaker. It has been the custom to applaud Juniors and Seniors without exception, a mark of respect from under classmen probably, but we say the transition from the second to the third year in college is not marked enough to warrant this invariable rule, and we hope that next term our students will make the commendation of their fellows a thing which must be workod for or lost.

A "CULLUD MEETIN."

While taking a brief vacation a short time since, I was invited by a friend to attend a colored prayer meeting. I was bidden to leave my risibles at home but as is usually the case, the admonition served only to make them more active.

We entered the room where the meeting was in progress and found the congregation rocking to and fro in "silent prayer," so I was informed, though where the silence came in I was unable to see, for some were moaning, some were sobbing and others were clawing the air wildly as though wrestling with invisible spirits. The odor in the room testified that these were not the only spirits present. Kneeling on the floor in the seat ahead of us was a venerable Aunt Lucinda, rubbing her hands together and rolling her eyes in an ecstacy of religious excitement. On all sides of us were specimens whose personal appearance could not fail to excite laughter under ordinary circumstances but when aggravated by their contortions, facial and otherwise, the temptation was too much for mortal man and I could only use my handkerchief with a pretense of coughing to prevent an explosion. Shortly after our entrance the minister rose behind a dry goods box at the opposite end of the room. A few kerosene lamps shed a dismal, sepulchral light on all and the shining faces of the worshipers lent an uncanny weirdness to the scene that reminded me of Dante's Inferno as illustrated by Dore. "Bredren," said the minister "Its powerful hot yere dis evenin' and if some soldier ob de Lawd would fling up de winder he would receive de gratitude ob his fellow wushippers. Only for de glory ob de Lawd, I'd ask you to 'scuse me from preachin' dis evening. I'se paid fur preachin and ef you want preachin why I spose I got to preach. I'se gwine to do my duty

ef de puspuration does come," and he drew a bandanna handkerchief around his neck, taking it by one corner and throwing it around as though lasoing a buffalo on the plains. "I see white folks in de back seats," he continued. "I hope dem white folks didn't come yere to laff and poke fun. We cullud folks don't go to dere meetins laffin and pokin fun. Ef dey wants to come yere and jine us in our wusshup deys welcome ef dey don't laff and poke fun. Ef dey do dat we put 'em right out. Bredren, I'se gwine to de confurunce in de city ob New York and I got to hab seben dollars and twenty cents fur de railroad fare. Seben dollars and twenty cents, bredren, and while Brudder White passes de box I'll lead in singin' sumfin dat will make you feel like givin'. Member bredren, I want seben dollars and twenty cents." Thereupon he sank back into his chair and rocking to and fro, rolled his eyes and chanted, "I'se gwine away to leave you, Chillun, I want you to follow me." The box was placed upon the pulpit and stopping in the middle of a stanza, he proceeded to count the contents slowly and carefully. The look of reproach and indignation which came over his face as he finished brought an audible snicker from the "white folks in de back seats." "Bredren, what you mean," he exclaimed. "I tole you I want seben dollars and twenty cents and you's gib me only free forty. Brudder White you jest pass dat box round again while I sing anudder verse."

The extra verse brought in only about two dollars more, and mopping the perspiration from his forehead and neck the minister shouted, "Haint you niggahs got no interest in de glory ob de Lawd! No sermon you git dis night. Bredren, I'se shamed ob you, yes I is, I want dis congregation to git up and walk by dis pulpit and lay down jest accordin to his means and put nuff down fur to take me to dat confurunce. Brudder Johnson, dere aint a day ob you life you dont whitewash sumwhar. You jest come up yere and lay down one dollar fur de glory ob de Lawd."

Brother Johnson meekly obeyed, and others following his example the required sum was at last secured.

"Now," said the minister. "Now we'll jest pray a little and we dont want no shoutin and wrigglin on de floor like what took place last evening. You white foiks jest stop dat gigglin' or go-long to you own meetin' house.

White folks, you know whar you gwine? You'se gwine right straight down de rapid road to Hell, gigglin and a laffin at us poor niggahs gathered togedder for de glory ob de Lawd. I tell you taint no time to laff. You stop laffin when you git to Hell. Yes you will. Dont 'low no laffin dere." Just at this point, a black cat thrown by mischievous boys came through the open window and landed plump on "Brudder" Johnson's wooly pate. When a cat strikes it is customary with them to take hold for security. This was no exception to the general rule, and Brother Johnson's wail of anguish roused a universal spirit of insurrection. The meeting was outside the building in less time than I have taken to tell it, but "Brudder" Jones had secured his "seben dollars and twenty cents" and whether the evening session was resumed or not we did wait to see.

PERSONALS.

'58. Stephen H. Walker has been re-elected President of the Trustees of the College of the City of New York.

'7[illegible]. H. M. Ladd is at Madeira, Africa, on his way to the Arlington Mission on the Eastern coast. He will probably make London his place of residence and attend to the business of the missions on the eastern and western coast from that place.

'76. E. C. Evans is settled as pastor over the Congregational church at Norwood, N. Y.

'76. W. W. Gay was elected Town Clerk at the recent election of town officers in Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y. Mr. Beeman, law partner of the late W. D. Brennan, has been elected Member of Assembly, and consequently the entire

business of the office falls upon the shoulders of Mr. Gay.

'76. Rev. H. P. James was recently married to Miss Achsah Hayward of Weybridge.

'77. H. P. Stimson is making an extended tour through the South and West.

'77. W. I. Twitchell has been rusticating at his home in Weybridge. He is, we are happy to say, once more well and hearty. Both crutches and cane have been thrown away and we doubt not he will soon be able to sustain his old reputation on the base ball field.

'77. Dr. C. B. Warner has been in town.

'78. F. Hamilton was in town on the occasion of the Junior Exhibition.

'78. R. H. Smith, att'y-at-law, is still in the corporation council's office, New York.

'79. Mr. John Chapman is in town. He is taking a brief rest from his labors at Westchester, where he is employed as tutor. He is also devoting considerable time to drawing classes, and is perfecting his own talent in that direction under competent instructors in New York.

'79. Mr. Henry Hulbert is having a very successful year at the Mechanicsville Academy where he is Professor of the languages and mathematics.

'80. H. R. Dorr is contemplating a post-graduate course at Harvard or Yale.

'80. W. A. Guernsey has just completed a successful term of teaching.

'80. P. M. Meldon made us a short visit at the time of Junior Exhibition.

'80. F. A. Parker has commenced the study of law.

'80. John C. Scofield is spending the winter at Eastman, Georgia.

'81. J. L. Barton has lately returned from a visit to New York city.

'81. F. H. Warner was elected auditor at the recent town election in Cornwall.

'82. Edwy Buttolph has been compelled to abandon his collegiate course for the present on account of failing health.

'82. Frisbie's bass voice once more resounds through the halls and his genial smile is as welcome as of old.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

No more Senior orations—or yes—just one.

The Congregational pulpit is still unsupplied.

The Seniors are to be regaled on Butler this term.

The Hawthorne club have been reading "The Hunchback."

The author of "Beautiful Spring" came into our sanctum this morning. Funeral at ten a. m. day after to-morrow.

Columbia and Cornell are wearing Oxford caps. '81, dive into your closets, brush the dust from your mortar board and sail out.

There is a great dirth of entertainments this spring. A good audience would probably greet an effort from the Middlebury College Dramatic Association.

And now the Senior mopes around with his head down looking for a subject and the bystanders gaze on him with pity and soliloquize "What will he do with it?"

The college was pretty thoroughly deserted during vacation. A few remained to demolish Painter Hall, and a few remained because railroad companies insist upon prepayment of car fare.

Mr. Joseph Battell entertained a small party at the Bread Loaf Inn on Fast Day. Participants report an enjoyable time. The snow drifts near the hotel were at that time four or five feet high.

Our reporter interviewed Hank in order to find out why the basket of flowers was not given to Ross at Junior Ex. Hank said; "Well! I guess if you'd had to distribute rams and circulate 'em, and watch the door to see who came in and read the rams and keep your eye on two pretty girls behind you, you'd forgot to hand in the basket. I did."

Climb boys, Climb with caire
Climb in the window, for the foot-ball's thaire,
Think what a look of grim despaire
The face of the L.L.D. will waire
When the foot ball's gone. How he will taire.

So they clumb, clamb, clomb up the conductaire
Forgetting the window of the new Tutaire,
And they heard next morning from the Professaire
They needn't climb up the conductaire
He would take ten cents and call it squaire.

The Middlebury College Bicycle Association has organized for the Spring campaign. It went up Pleasant street on a borrowed bicycle before the roads were in good order and—well—Negus is making the new suit and claims that the old one is too far gone for mending. The expression on the Association's face as he goes over the tiller would move a tin tea-kettle to tears.

The Seniors have been agitating the subject of class albums and canes. The albums are to be bound in Seal-skin. The canes are to be from the elms cut down before Star Hall, with a gold plate inserted in the side bearing the initials or names of the class. Why not make the movement universal while the elms are to be found and make the number of canes manufactured reduce the price?

In the general improvements it would not be out of place to make the reading room more attractive or even to move it into the lower floor of the new library. It is not at all unpleasant to sit down for an hour's reading and see tiers of books on all sides. They are far better companions than the black wasps or hornets whose familiarity makes our present reading room a trifle too noisy at times.

"Old Alexander" is dead. This strange man who has been a land-mark here for so many years, died at the poor house early this month. It is said his relatives in the old country are well to do in the world and hold responsible offices, yet he has been for years a tramp of the worst description. He was never without plenty of money but would beg a penny at times when his pocket-book was far better lined than that of those from whom he solicited.

The corporation has voted to sustain the President in his improvements on the college buildings and work was commenced within two hours after the vote was passed. Painter Hall has yielded up its interior already. Before Commencement the library will be in its new quarters, and the museum and cabinet will be in a condition to impart a little information now and then. Gov. Stewart has donated for improvement in the gymnasium and work there will be commenced as soon as the weather will permit.

The round moon's rays fall slantly down
On roof and spire of the sleeping town,
The tread of the night watch on his beat
Wakes the echoes along the street,

What means this sudden and strange alarm!
The town is awake. The cry "What harm"
Resounds from the windows upthrown near by
And strained ears wait for the sad reply.

A prostrate form on the way is found,
And a silence falls on the crowd around,
Like the hush of death. What man is this
Whose mother has given her last long kiss?

Lift him tenderly. Search and see
What sign may tell whose son was he,
Carry him gently out of our sight
He will walk no more in his power and might.

What meaneth this murmur of strange surprise!
And the startled gaze of a hundred eyes!
A clue is found and the man's not dead.
The horror from every face has fled.

He is not dead, but drunk as a lord,
Over his face let water be poured,
And the clue they find! Behold their faces!
'Tis a poker deck with fifteen aces.

James was a bad boy. The bad boys are always called James in the Sunday School books. Charles was a good little boy, and, by the way, the good boys in the story books are always called Charles. James had been reading how Charles accidently ran against an apple stand and tipped it over, and how he took off his hat and said he was very sorry and helped the poor, lame man pick up the apples, and how the lame man said to him, "You are a nice boy and here are two, nice rosy cheeked apples for your own. Never forget to be kind to the afflicted." So James went down town and ran into an apple stand the next time he was hungry for apples and took off *his* hat and said *he* was very sorry and began to pick up the apples for the *poor, old* man, but the poor, old man didn't give *him* two, nice rosy cheeked apples. Oh! no, but he pounded him with his crutch till he screamed and called him a clumsy little brat. And James is a better boy now. He is only waiting to grow up and if the man who wrote that S. S. Book is still alive James will interview him, and it will all come out right, if James is larger than he is. Oh! Yes, it will all come out right.

The Junior Exhibition at Academy Hall on Tuesday evening, April 5, was very well attended and the orations were quite unusually well rendered. The music by the Howard Opera House orchestra was very fine aud we see no reason why graduating classes should send to Boston or New York, when so good an article can be furnished near home. If our advice were asked we would say to the class of '81, "Engage the Howard Opera House Orchestra, with Miss Ella Earle and a good tenor from abroad, and we venture to say Middlebury and the sur-

rounding towns will thank you for a very delightful Commencement." The audience were supplied with reading matter profusely: three different rams being circulated. It is a new thing for Freshmen to get out a publication and throw mud at Seniors and though not entirely uncalled for on this occasion, we hope that Senioric dignity may never again suffer such a terrible blow. A Freshman's attempt to be funny and sum up the indiscretions of a man's life in half a dozen lines, is, of course, a withering, scathing production which a Senior can never forget. We give below the programme of the evening's entertainment:

Scientific Oration.—The Sciences and Classics. Frank Brown, Cornwall.

Oration.—Modern Oratory. H. M. Buchanan, Newnan, Ga.

Oration.—Gladstone and Disraeli—a Parallel. J. E. Buttolph, Middlebury.

Oration.—Spelling Reform. H. F, Howard, Concord.

Classical Oration.—Athenian Oratory. J. D. Hutchinson, Antrim, N. H.

Oration.—Self-Consciousness in Society. C. G. Leavenworth, Randolph.

Oration.—Danton and the Revolution. G. N. Pollard, Ludlow.

Oration.*—"Consistency, thou art a Jewel." C. D. Pillsbury, Middlebury.

Historical Oration.—Methods of Historical Writing. J. C. Miller, Hartland.

Oration.—"Seward's Folly. H. P. Powers, Sutherland Falls.

Oration.—The True Hero. S. J. Preston, Waltham.

Oration.*—Ireland; her Needs and Future. F. A Walker, Ludlow.

Literary Conference.—The Legal Profession. C. B. Ross. Poultney.

COLLOQUII PERSONÆ:

Judge Thompson, - - S. J. Preston.
Jock (his son), - - J. E. Buttolph.
Charlie (his nephew), - - - C. B. Ross.
Solomon Rathbone (a cliənt), C. G. Leavenworth.

*Excused.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

In Scribner's for April the article entitled "Marine Forms as applicable to Decoration," is one of the most interesting in the table of contents. Its practical hints, combined with the exceeding beauty of the illustrations, make it a difficult matter to decide whether the whole household may not have hidden resources for high art when aided by such articles as this. To one who can throw themselves into the spirit of the thing, "Running the Rapids of the Upper Hudson" becomes very exciting and entertaining. "New York Attics and Housetops" opens a new world to us, and very likely there are hundreds of people in New York city who will first learn through the April Scribner of the every day drama which has been going on over their heads. Few of the inmates of the Equitable Building probably are aware that, on their own roof, people have lived, married and quarrelled. "Elementary Instruction in the Mechanic Arts," from the versatile pen of Edward Atkinson is of course good. The illustrations in the article on "Wood Engraving and the Scribner Prizes," considering the time of practice are certainly marvelous.

St. Nicholas has not as many articles of interest for the *big* boys of the family this month, but the young people go into ecstacies as usual. "My Barometer" and "A Lesson for Mother" are bright verses, well worthy the reading of all.

One of the happiest delineations of character in the novels of to-day is that of Isabel in "The Portrait of a Lady," by Henry James, Jr., and now being published as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly. "Friends; a Duet," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is read with additional interest among us from the fact that Miss Phelps' brothers have been connected with this institution. "Voltaire's School Days," by James Parton and "The British Philistine," by Richard Grant White, are thoroughly interesting articles which should not be overlooked or read hastily. The running review of books of the month is becoming one of the most interesting features of the magazine. The selection of poetry under the management of Mr. T. B. Aldrich will probably be of a higher order than it has been under Mr. Howells, and we doubt if another "Miles Keogh's Horse" will find its way into the columns of the Atlantic. Mr. Howells would have done infinitely better to have published more of his own verse rather than the very peculiar selections which found their way into the magazine.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT, OFFICIAL EDITION.—The University Presses of England have consented to issue for the American market very low-priced editions. Each copy will bear the certificate of the revisers as a guarantee of its correctness. The cheapest edition will be in Nonpareil type, and will be retailed at fifteen cents, paper, and twenty cents, cloth. The next cheapest edition will be in Brevier type, and will be sold at fifty cents, cloth. May 17th has been fixed as the day of issue in both countries.

The Companion to the Revised New Testament—explaining the reasons for the changes made on the Authorized Version, by Alex Roberts, D. D., member of the English Revision Committee. The American edition will have, bound in the same volume, a second book now preparing by a member of the American Committee of Revision, who has been connected with the work from the beginning. This second book will be an explanation of the Appendix to the Revised New Testament. It may not be generally understood that the changes suggested by the the American Committee, but which were not finally adopted by the English Committee, are to be published as an appendix to the Revised New Testament. The *Companion* volume will be then an explanation of *all* the changes thought advisable by either committee. To correct any misapprehension, it is well to add that by far the greater part of the changes suggested by the American Committee were adopted by the English Committee. This cheap edition of the combined books, although authorized and copyrighted, will be sold for twenty-five cents. Those desiring on the day of issue are requested to forward their orders at once to the publishers, I. K. Funk & Co., 10 Dey Street, New York.

EXCHANGES.

We are not the exchange editor. He has taken flight and is enjoying a vacation. We remained behind on the plea of illness, but really to get his bottle of red ink and his vigorous pen and sail into the exchanges. We had intended to slash right and left, stir up the exchanges terribly and let him bear the brunt of it when he returned, but the exchanges would not allow it. They were all "hail fellows well met," that is—all but one, "The Archangel." It comes from Oregon. That's a long way off, and the Archangel, though pictured with wings on the title page, walks all the way. He gets care-worn and weak and dry and ragged before he gets here. We suppose it is good out there, but we cannot call it a real luscious, juicy exchange. There's a good bite there now and then, however.

Here's the Dartmouth! Old fellow! shake! been gone nearly a year. Glad to see you back, missed you sadly. How did it happen? Don't get astray again, will you?

The Chronicle from the University of Michigan, is a neat, interesting, newsy, well conducted paper, and one that we always purloin from the exchange editor's table when we have an hour for mental recreation and enjoyment. The parody on "Three Fishes," in the April 2 issue is very fair, but—ah—was it ah—by an undergraduate? Students in college are apt to be a little reticent about mothers-in law.

The Oberlin Review is good, but the type is too small in much of the reading matter. It makes hard work where we expect to take things leisurely. Excuse us, Oberlin. Paper is cheaper than spectacles. Spread out your type and receive the blessings of your near-sighted friends.

The Syracusan is conducted very much after the same plan as our own or *vice versa*, as you please, and therefore meets our approval of course. The writer of "The Genius of Beethoven" will please accept our thanks for the enjoyment found in reading his article. We do not like their omission of the names of contributors. There is a grain of comfort in knowing the name of the author of a pleasing article even though we may not know the man.

We extend a very cordial invitation to the "Rouge et Noir" to call again. Numbers one and two of volume II. are now before us, and a casual glance has sufficed to make us pigeon hole them both for future consideration. It is from Trinity College, Toronto, and the architecture of the buildings depicted on the title page stamps it as Episcopal. Are we right? Your paper is neatly printed and looks very interesting.

We had a little quarrel with the Rockford Seminary Magazine. That is, they called us dignified and we rebelled, so if we praise up the April number they will think we are trying to "make up," which operation isn't at all dignified, but its lots of fun.

Belatrasco has changed its name, and now appears with the title "Academica," in very black faced type. It looks a little funereal, but it is a striking head and will wear well. Now that the old name is dead and among the things that were, what in blazes did the thing mean? That cabalistic, unearthly word used to haunt our dreams, and we used to wake up and wonder if it was the open Sesame to some Aladdin's cave. "The Romances of Chivalry" is a worthy article which brings into being many pleasant trains of thought. It is an article where one reads between the lines and finds spurs for his own flagging memory. The author succeeds in a very difficult thing, the graceful rendering of long sentences.

Our exchange editor is a powerful man, and it is barely possible that the May UNDERGRADUATE will be ruled with black. If such should be the case, will the exchanges drop one tear for him who wrote

Not wisely but too much.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Canada has forty colleges.

The Harvard Lampoon has been revived.

Michigan University men have been vaccinated.

At Brown the class expenses for graduation are $18.

Washington University, St. Louis, has 1,367 students.

Trinity men have a course of reading in English Literature.

A class in short-hand is being organized in the Michigan University.

A National College for girls is the latest educational plan in France.

Yale has raised $30,000 and purchased a fine ground for athletic sports.

Columbia men will wear caps, and perhaps gowns, about the college grounds.

The directors of the Trinity base ball association have disbanded the college nine.

John Hopkins and Michigan Universities have no Commencement oratory.—*Madisoniensis.*

The University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, has cost the State since its foundation $570,000.

A "retiring fund" for Harvard professors has now been fairly started. $21,000 has been subscribed already.

Amherst, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth and Brown contend for base ball championship this spring.

At Columbia, the Senior, Junior and Sophomore examinations cover nine days each; the Freshman only seven.

The custom at Harvard is for all members of the Senior class to submit poems to a committee who select one as the class song.

Dr. Mark Hopkins still gives instruction at Williams College, where he celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday February 4th.

A recent fire in one of the buildings of Bates College resulted in the loss of property valued at $1,500. The loss is covered by insurance.

In the school of All Sciences of Boston University, there is next year to be established a department of oratory especially for the training of theologues.

The Sophomores at Williams' in class meeting, voted to "come out" in Oxford caps next term, and have forbidden the Freshmen to appear in the same.

The Senior class of Cornell has split into two factions. So intense is their hostility that it seems probable that Ithica will be burdened with two class day celebrations.

The Harvard Law School is far from poverty stricken. Only about a year ago $50,000 were bequeathed to it, and $100,000 more nave been given it for a new building.

The Joseph Hume Scholarship for Political Economy, at University College, London, has just been awarded to Miss Bigg, of St. Andrew's. This is the ffrst time that a lady has won it.

It is estimated that there are now more than 7,000 American students in German institutions of learning. The aggregate of their expenses is

reported by the American consul at Wurtemburg as $7,500,000 annually.—*Ex.*

University College, London, had in attendance 2,000 students, including 211 ladies, during the past year. The percentage of failure among the women was 19, and among the men 44 1-2.

The Yale Glee Club has sung at Amherst. The Amherst Club has sung at New Haven. Yale says its club is the best. Amherst, with its usual modesty, proclaims the superiority of its club. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? —*Athenæum.*

The students of the University of California had petitioned the faculty to provide fire escapes, and the faculty responded by prohibiting smoking upon the college premises. This prohibition will bear with almost equal severity upon the students and professors.

The music for the *Œdipus* is written for twenty-five instruments, and will cost, including printing and the training of the orchestra, about fifteen hundred dollars. The total cost of bringing out the play will be about three thousand dollars. It is not impossible that one or two representations will be given in New York.—*Harvard Crimson.*

A great educational institution has been projected by Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton, as executors of the late A. T. Stewart's will. It is to be located at Garden City, L. I., near Stewart's Episcopal Cathedral. Male and female colleges will be erected, the cost of which, with their endowments, will reach the sum of $4,000,000. They are intended to be the largest in America and non-sectarian. Expenses to students will be placed at a very low figure. The college buildings, three in number, will be remarkable for the beauty of their architecture and their magnificent appointment.—*Review.*

PLUNDER.

Cain preceded Abraham as a pitcher; for it is well known that he gave Abel the drop and retired him on three strikes.—*Brunonian.*

Der shmall boy stands on der fountain,
Und he don't got on any close,
Und der young girls dey all plush and say,
Vat he means py such conduct as dose?

In some parts of the country this past winter the ground has frozen so deep that they say the roots of the tea plants in China have been affected.

Scene at the college. Prep. to servant at the door—"Miss——." Servant—"She's engaged." Prep.—"I know it. I'm him what she's engaged to."—*Northwestern.*

A student at Oxford University on being asked "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold his copy-right for a mess of potash."—*'Varsity.*

"I told her I would never smoke another cigar, and by Jove! I never will. A pipe's good enough for me any day," and he drew a match across the leg of his pants.

Scene at a stable—Funny Freshman to hostler, who is rubbing down his horse, "Pat, I'm 'fraid you're currying favor with that horse." Hostler, "Faith, no! I'm merely scrapin' an acquaintance."—*Crimson.*

"Etiquette" writes to us to inquire if, in our opinion, it would be proper for him to support a young lady if she was taken with a faint, even if he hadn't been introduced. Proper, young man, certainly—prop her by all means.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank Gott, von ish tead!" said the Dutchman.

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock: "We have a collection to take this morning, and for the glory of heaven whichever of you stole Mr. Jones' turkeys don't put anything on the plate." One who was there says: "Every blessed niggah in de church came down wid de rocks."

Stella Basbleu, Vassar, '81, has just been relating some astounding astronomical facts and figures. A Dullston Sloman ("never went in for that sort of thing, you know"): I see how one can find out how large and how far the stars are, but—By Jove! I don't quite see how they ever found out their *names*."—*Columbia Spectator.*

Scene—Margin of a Highland river. Affable English tourist—"And you say, Donald, that an English gentleman was drowned in this river last summer while attempting to swim across it?" Donald—"Ay, Sir." Tourist—"The feat might have been easily accomplished; the distance is

not so very great." Donall—"Vera true, Sir; vera true; but ye mawn ken that it wasna the bredth, bit the depth o' the water that feenished him."

The pastor of our church was catechising the pupils of his Sabbath school and remarked, "Remember, dear children, that God is everywhere." The words had hardly escaped his lips when a roguish little pupil rose up and said to the pastor, "Please, sir, did you say that God was everywhere?" "Yes, my son, everywhere." "Is he in my pocket?" "Yes, he is in your pocket." "Well, I guess I've got you there," was the triumphant retort, "cause I aint got any pocket."

WELL, NOT THIS EVENING.

'Twas a bright and moonlight evening
As they wandered on the shore.
And she gently pressed his coat-sleeve,
As she oft had done before.

And they talked about the college,
While she charmed him with her looks;
Then she called him very naughty,
Not at all well up in books.

"Have you ever read," she murmured,
"Squees' Memoir? I wish you would."
"Well, since you insist," he whispered,
"I will try and be so good."

"Take your arm away—you monster—
From my waist, you awful man!
That's not what I meant at all, sir!
There, you're breaking my new fan.

"'Twas the Life of Joseph Squees, sir;
And I think you're awful bad!
Am I angry?—Take me home, sir.
Yes, I am just fearful mad!

'Twas a bright and moonlight evening,
As he wandered on the shore;
But no maiden pressed his coat-sleeve
As she used in days of yore. —*Crimson.*

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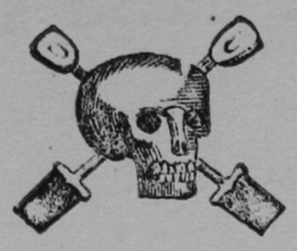

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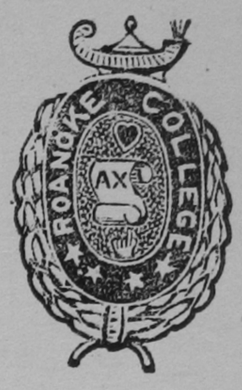

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